

# COLUMBIAN OBSERVER.

A JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND POLITICS.

EQUAL RIGHTS, HONEST AGENTS, AND AN ENLIGHTENED PEOPLE.

PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 7, 1822.

[No. 19.]

Vol. I.]

## REVIEW.

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL.—BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.  
(Concluded.)

From the extracts we have already given, it will be perceived that a more licentious, reprobate, and unprincipled wretch than Lord Dalgarno, who is the most prominent and conspicuous character in the whole Romance, never existed. Destitute of all affection, devoid even of gratitude for his father; the pander who intrigues away the chastity of his own Sister, to the favourite Buckingham; the seducer of the Lady Hermione, under colour of a false marriage; the more base seducer again, of the honest Ship-Chandler's wife—the pretty Nelly; the false friend and calumniator of Nigel; the heartless gamester; the impious perjurer; having neither love for his Sovereign, nor reverence for his God—and all this, from the mere depravity of his passions, the wanton havoc and waste of vice!—We may justly demand of the author, why he created such a character, to disgust one portion of his readers, and to pollute the other?—Why?—Can he tell himself? Why did he sketch the numerous splendid villains, that deform his other productions?—Because it is his forte;—here he is at home; here he shines; he is conscious that the perpetration of atrocity interests the feelings of his readers, however revolting it may be to their virtue; and he cuts, slashes, and assassinates, with the most perfect indifference, or rather pleasure; never calculating that his romance is to fall into the hands of youth of both sexes, and that nothing is more dangerous to Morals, than a successful example of brilliant libertinism, and court debauchery.

It has been justly remarked, that this Novel possesses no Plot. The incidents grow out of one another casually, and hang loosely together, as they rise from the undigested mass of his materials. This is a fault, common to all his works; only varying in degree.

There is, in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, too much of low dialogue, and unmeaning rivalry. To depict low scenes in life, is a favourite amusement of the author; and he might be allowed to do so, without censure, if he knew when to tear himself from this beloved occupation. He dwells on such scenes too long; he exhausts them; and stirs up the feculent and offensive lees of society, till common delicacy turns away with disgust, from the overwrought picture. The scenes in *Alsatia* are, especially, of this odious description; and the characters being the most profligate and outlanded of creation, present us with spectacles which a judicious writer, would rather strive to veil, than display with all the arts of exaggerating prolixity.

In fine, the author himself has had more candour than any of his admirers and critics; and in the Introductory Epistle to the work before us, he has confessed his faults, and avowed them to be incurable; in which case, we hope we shall not see him so often in future on the stage of publication. In that epistle, he has given us a dialogue between Captain Chatterbox and the Author. Having apologized for his frequent appearance before the Public, by pleading among other arguments that he writes best, when he writes rapidly, (as to confess the truth, we have ourselves some experience of the fact,) the author thus proceeds in his vindicating address—

"Captain. This may justify a certain degree of rapidity in publication, but not that which is proverbially said to be no speed. You should take time at least to arrange your story."

Author. That is a sore point with me, my son. Believe me, I have not been fool enough to neglect ordinary precautions. I have repeatedly laid down my future work to scale, divided it into volumes and chapters, and endeavoured to construct a story which I meant should evolve itself gradually and strikingly, maintain suspense, and stimulate curiosity; and which, finally, should terminate in a striking catastrophe. But I think there is a demon who seizes him on the feather of my pen when I begin to write, and leads it astray from the purpose. Characters expand under my hand; incidents are multiplied; the story lingers, while the materials increase; my regular mansion turns out a Gothic anomaly, and the work is complete long before I have attained the point I proposed.

Captain. Resolution and determined forbearance might remedy that evil.

Author. Was, my dear sir, you do not know the force of paternal affection—When I light on such a character as Balie Jarvie, or Dalgarno, my imagination brightens, and my conception becomes clearer at every step which I make in his company, although it leads me many a weary mile away from the regular road, and forces me to leap hedge and ditch to get back into the route again. If I resist the temptation, as you advise me, my thoughts become prosy, flat, and dull; I write painfully to myself, and under a consciousness of flagging, which makes me flag still more; the sunshine with which fancy had invested the incidents departs from them, and leaves

every thing dull and gloomy. I am no more the same author, than the dog in a wheel, condemned to go round and round for hours, is like the same dog merrily chasing his own tail, and gambolling in all the frolic of unrestrained freedom. In short, sir, on such occasions, I think I am bewitched.

As to who is the author of the Waverley Novels, we must not affect a knowledge and a sagacity, which we possess not, though the presumption is indubitably in favour of Dr. Greenfield. Who is the author, we may not be able to tell; who is not, we can tell with more certainty and confidence. We feel assured that Walter Scott is not the writer of the Waverley Novels. The allusions made to this subject, in the Introductory Epistle to the present work, furnish additional presumptions, against the authorship of Scott. The circumstantial, or rather, fanciful evidence of the Letters of Mr. Heber, of Oxford, attempting to prove Scott to be the unknown writer, are treated in the Epistle, with very little more deference than we bestowed upon them, in one of our past numbers, considered as testimony bearing on the disputed point. It may, indeed, be plausibly urged, that the more the author found himself in danger of detection, the more would he affect to be undiscoverable. Upon this subject, however, we have but little to say; for we rest our scepticism of the authorship of Scott, on one single fact, more conclusive than all the hypothesis, and chains of circumstantial evidence, in the power of imagination to give birth to. That fact is—the open and avowed agency of Scott for the author. If Scott were the author, think you, he would thus stand on the threshold of his own den, and cry out to the passengers, as they were peeping between his legs—"gentlemen, I am not the author, upon my word."—We must imagine this to be the case, too, in the *outset* of the affair; for Scott came out as the agent of the author with his first work—*Waverley*; before he could have foreseen the rout he was to make in the world; before there was a motive for discovery; a motive for mystery; or for studied and artful concealment.—On this fact alone, we are upheld in proclaiming Scott not to be the author; independent of his want of talents and genius for such an unwearied and stupendous undertaking.

## EXTRACT—FROM THE PROLOGUE.

A Novel, by the Author of *Annals of the Parish*—Sir Andrew Wylie, &c.

AN EXECUTION.  
The attainment of honours and dignities is not enjoyed without a portion of trouble and care, which, like a shadow, follows all temporalities. On the very evening of the same day that I was first chosen to be a bailie, a sore affair came to light, in the discovery that Jean Gaisling had murdered her bastard bairn. She was the daughter of a dowie mother that could gie no name to her gets, of which she had two laddies, besides Jean; the one of them had gone off with the soldiers some time before, the other, a dowie well-behaved callan, was in my lord's servitude, as a stable-boy at the castle. Jeanie herself was the boniest lassie in the whole town, but light-headed, and fonder of out-gait and bleeher in the cause than was discreet of one of her uncertain parentage. She was at the time when she met with her misfortune in the service of Mrs. Dalrymple, a colonel's widow, that came out of the army, and settled among us on her jointure. This Mrs. Dalrymple, having been long used to the loose morals of camps and regiments, did not keep that strict hand over poor Jeanie, and her other serving lass, that she ought to have done, and so the poor good-natured creature fell into the snare of some of the neer-do-weel gentlemen that used to play cards at night with Mrs. Dalrymple. The truths of the story were never well known, nor who was the father, for the tragical issue barred all enquiry; but it came out that poor Jeanie was left to herself, and being instigated by the enemy, after she had been delivered, did while the midwife's back was turned, strangle the baby with a napkin. She was discovered in the very fact with the bairn black in the face in the bed beside her.

The heinousness of the crime can by no possibility be lessened; but the beauty of the mother, her tender years, and her light-headedness, had won many favourers, and there was a great leaning in the hearts of all the town to compassionate her, especially when they thought of the ill example that had been set to her in the walk and conversation of her mother. It was not, however, within the power of the magistrates to overlook the accusation; so we were obliged to cause a preconviction to be taken, and the search left no doubt of the wilfulness of the murder. Jeanie was in consequence removed to the Tolbooth, where she lay till the lords were coming to try, when she was sent thither to stand her trial before them; but, from the hour she did the deed, she never spoke.

Her trial was a short procedure, and she was cast to be hanged—and not only to be hanged, but ordered to be executed in our town, and her body given to the doctors to make an Atomy. The execution of Jeanie was what all expected would happen; but when the news reached the town of the other parts of the sentence, the wail was as the wail of a pestilence, and fain would the Council have got it dispensed with. But the Lord Advocate was just wad at the crime,

both because there had been no previous concealment, so as to have been an extenuation for the shame of the birth, and because Jeanie would neither divulge the name of the father, nor make answer to all the interrogatories that were put to her, standing at the bar like a dumble, and looking round her and at the judges, like a demented creature, and beautiful as a Flander's baby. It was thought by many, that her advocate might have made great use of her visible consternation, and pled that she was by herself; for in truth she had every appearance of being so. He was, however, a dare man, no doubt well enough versed in the particulars and punctualities of the law for an ordinary plea, but not of the right sort of knowledge and talent to take up the case of a forlorn lassie, misled by ill example and a winsome nature, and clothed in the allurement of loveliness, as the judge himself said to the jury.

On the night before the day of execution, she was brought over in a chaise from Ayr between two town-officers, and placed again in our hands, and still she never spoke.

Nothing could exceed the compassion that every one had for poor Jeanie, so she was committed to a common cell, but laid in the council room, where the ladies of the town made up a comfortable bed for her, and some of them sat up all night and prayed for her; but her thoughts were gone, and she sat silent.

In the morning by break of day, her wretched mother that had been trolloping in Glasgow came to the Tolbooth door, and made a dreadful wailing, and the ladies were obliged, for the sake of peace, to bid her be let in. But Jeanie noticed her not, still sitting with her eyes cast down, waiting the coming on of the hour of her doom. The wretched mother first tried to rouse her by weeping and distraction, and then she took to upbraiding; but Jeanie seemed to heed her not, save only once, and then she but looked at the mislaid tinkler, and shook her head. I happened to come into the room at this time, and seeing all the charitable ladies weeping around, and the wretched mother talking to the poor lassie as loudly and vehement as if she had been both deaf and dumb, I commanded the officers, with a voice of authority, to remove the mother, by which we had for a season peace, till the hour came.

There had not been an execution in the town in the memory of the oldest person then living; the last that suffered was one of the martyrs in the time of the persecution, so that we were not skilled in the business, and had besides no hangman, but were necessitated to borrow the Ayr one. Indeed, I being the youngest bailie, was in terror that the obligation might have fallen on me.

A scaffold was erected at the Tron just under the Tolbooth windows, by Thomas Gimblet, the Master-of-work, who had a good penny of profit by the job, for he contracted with the town council, and had the boards after the business was done to the wrights, and himself a member of our body.

At the hour appointed, Jeanie, dressed in white, was led out by the town-officers, and in the midst of the magistrates from among the ladies, with her hands tied behind her with a black ribbon. At the first sight of her at the Tolbooth stair-head, a universal sob arose from all the multitude, and the sternest ee could not refrain from shedding a tear. We marched slowly down the stair, and on to the foot of the scaffold, where her young brother, Willy, that was stable-boy at my lord's, was standing by himself, in an opening made round him in the crowd; every one compassionate the dejected laddie, for he was a fine youth, and of an orderly spirit.

As his sister came towards the foot of the ladder, he ran towards her, and embraced her with a wail of sorrow that melted every heart, and made us all stop in the middle of our solemnity. Jeanie looked at him, (for her hands were tied,) and a silent tear was seen to drop from her cheek. But in the course of a little more than a minute, all was quiet, and we proceeded to ascend the scaffold. Willy, who had by this time dried his eyes, went up with us, and when Mr. Pitte had said the prayer, and sung the psalm, in which the whole multitude joined, as it were with the contrition of sorrow, the hangman stepped forward to put on the fatal cap, but Willy took it out of his hand, and placed it on his sister's head, and then kneeling down with his back towards her, closing his eyes and shutting his ears with his hands, he saw not, nor heard when she was launched into eternity.

When the awful act was over, and the stir was for the magistrates to return, and the body to be cut down, poor Willy rose, and, without looking round, went down the steps of the scaffold; the multitude made a lane for him to pass, and he went on through them hiding his face, and gaed straight out of the town. As for the mother, we were obliged in the course of the same year, to drum her out of the town, for stealing thirteen chopin bottles from William Gailon's, the vintner's, and selling them for whiskey to Maggy Picken, that was tried at the same time for the reset.

Envy, if surrounded on all sides by the brightness of another's prosperity, like the scorpion, confined within a circle of fire, will sting itself to death.

## E. LITTELL.

OF PHILADELPHIA.  
PROPOSES TO PUBLISH,  
A Monthly Journal, to be entitled  
The Museum of Foreign  
Literature & Science,  
And Conducted by  
ROBERT WALSH, JR.

THE nature of this enterprise may be understood from a few considerations which the advertiser will venture to subjoin to his announcement of it. The periodical works of Great Britain and France contain a mass of literary and scientific intelligence, which does not reach the American public for want of a suitable channel, but which would be read among us with equal pleasure and profit. Such of the British Reviews and Magazines as are reprinted in the United States—not excepting the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews—embrace much matter which is of little interest and no advantage to the American reader, and not unfrequently fitted to vitiate his literary taste, his morals, or his political principles. It is desirable, under these circumstances, that a selection should be made, such as would furnish the valuable and entertaining portion of their contents, to the exclusion of the other portion, consisting of details and speculations, either uninteresting in themselves, or mischievous in their tendency, or altogether of local concern and application. On this plan, idle expense and a fruitless consumption of time would be obviated; for pages destitute of merit might be substituted many of value that now remain unknown and inaccessible. Of several British journals of the scientific and erudite cast, and others indeed of a more general and at the same time solid character, little or no use is made by the editors and compilers of the periodical works printed in the United States.

The object of the one now about to be issued is the accumulation, in a permanent form, of the materials thus neglected, and of the literary and scientific articles worthy of being reprinted in this country, but which, when so, are accompanied by others possessing no claim to attention. A miscellany—the Select Reviews—akin in the design, but not equal in comprehensiveness, to the present, flourished for some years in this city, and would, it may be presumed, have continued to be supported by a wide-spread subscription, but for an alteration of the plan, and a series of adventitious reverses. The revival of it with a larger scope, would seem likely to be attended with still more signal success than its original existence, owing to the great multiplication of original works, and the wide diffusion of the habit of seeking in them both information and amusement.

Emboldened by these views, the advertiser feels assured of an extensive patronage for the Museum of Foreign Literature and Science. The gentleman who is engaged to compile it will be supplied, for the purpose, at the earliest periods, with a great variety of British and French journals, and will bestow his best care and judgment in the execution of the task which he has undertaken.

## TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The first number of the Museum will be issued this month, and will be styled the July Number, and the publication will proceed with sufficient rapidity to complete six numbers, or one volume, before the close of this year. The first number of the second volume will be published on the first of January next, and after that time a number will regularly appear on the first day of every month.

It will form two volumes a year. The price will be six dollars per annum payable by subscribers in town on delivery of the first number, and by those in the country in advance, at the time of subscription.

No subscription will be received for less than a year, and they must begin with a volume. No subscriptions will be discontinued until all arrearages shall have been paid, and unless notice have been given before the commencement of a new volume.

The publisher is confident that an adherence to these conditions will enable him to establish the Museum upon a permanent foundation.

E. L. having removed from No. 74, south Second street, to No. 88, Chesnut street, subscriptions will be thankfully received at that place.

Aug. 3—tf

## Mission & Co.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
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No. 53 1-2 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.  
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N. B. Orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.  
Aug. 3—

## Piano Fortes.

GEORGE BACON, No. 66, Chesnut, between 21st and 24th streets, offers for sale, Piano Fortes from the Celebrated Manufactories of Astor and Clementi, London. Also an Assortment of Flutes, Violins, Clarionets, Kent Bugles, Trumpets, Horns, &c. &c. with an extensive collection of Fashionable Music, to which constant additions are making.  
Music Engraved and Printed.  
Aug. 3—

## Brown's Antiquities of the JEWS.

PROPOSALS have been circulated by W. W. WOODWARD for publishing JENNINGS'S JEWISH ANTIQUITIES, in one volume octavo; but a more popular and enlarged Work having recently appeared in two vols. octavo, he proposes publishing it instead of Jennings's.

Which is as follows, viz.

## ANTIQUITIES OF THE JEWS.

CAREFULLY COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES, AND THEIR CUSTOMS ILLUSTRATED FROM MODERN TRAVELS.  
By the Rev. William Brown, D. D. Minister of Exeter.

To which will be added,  
A Dissertation on the Hebrew Language.  
FROM JENNINGS'S JEWISH ANTIQUITIES.  
In two Volumes.

The Following are the Contents:  
PART I.—The Tabernacle—Description—II. The Temple—Description—III. The Ministers of the Temple—IV. The Service of the Temple—V. The three Great Festivals—VI. On the other Feasts and Parts of the Jews—VII. The Synagogue—VIII. Jewish History, Sects, and Prophecies—IX. Learning of the Jews—X. Laws of the Jews, and their Sanctions—XI. Customs of the Jews—XII. Jewish Literature, Customs, Climate, and Agriculture.

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II. To be delivered to Subscribers neatly bound, at \$3.50 per volume.  
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W. W. WOODWARD has lately received from London, a Large assortment of Stationary, consisting of elegant Globes, Mathematical Instruments, Pen-knives, Quills, ready made Pens, Paint Boxes, a handsome variety of Camp Desks, Gunner's Stages, Pencils, Octagon Boxes, &c. &c. which, with a full supply of every other Article in that line, and a Complete Assortment of

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Aug. 3—

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Aug. 3—

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Committee of General Superintendence.

Aug. 3—

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Ship TOBACCO PLANT,

STEPHEN BALDWIN, master;

To sail 20th of 8th month (August.)

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To sail 20th of 9th month (Sept.)

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have established a line of Packets between Philadelphia and Liverpool; one to sail from Liverpool on the 8th of each month, except December, and one from Philadelphia the 20th of each month, except the 1st month (January.)

Cabin passengers are taken at 30 pounds, steel, for which sum they will be furnished with beds and bedding, and stores of every description, and the owners will spare no expense to have every thing complete and comfortable.

Two new ships are building expressly for this line. Application for freight, or passage, to be made to

Thos. P. Cope & Sons.

Aug. 3—6f



EQUAL RIGHTS, HONEST AGENTS, AND AN ENLIGHTENED PEOPLE.



COLUMBIAN OBSERVER.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1822.

### THE MIDLING INTEREST.

We have perused with attention, two small pamphlets received from Boston, on the subject of the MIDLING INTEREST; one an Exposition, and the other a Defence, of its principles and views.

The objects of the Midling interest, to wrest from the few aristocratic monopoly of power, and to give to the productive many, their just influence in government and laws; are obviously the dictates of Liberty, Benevolence, and Patriotism; and deserve to, as they have so far met with success.

The Midling Interest of Boston, however, is rather local, than based upon enlarged and broad principles of Democracy susceptible of wide-spread adoption. In throwing off all party influence, too, it has neglected to lay the foundation of its permanency, as well as to expand the bounds of its usefulness; for Democracy is essentially the party of the American People. As far as the Boston party goes, we concur in their principles and views; but their principles are too partial, and their views too narrow. We desire to see a Party formed on more universal and solid grounds, and uniting sympathies, passions, and interests, more ardent, intense, and operative.—The Democratic Party is now essentially composed of the productive and industrious class of citizens. We wish to form a Party, that shall embrace all of this description, who now serve out their term of servile insignificance and uselessness, under the banners of the aristocratic and opulent Federalists, who despise in their hearts these humble followers of would be greatness, and who give all its importance to the Federalist party, while they in return receive none of the benefits of its influence. At least one third of the Federal Party consist of productive citizens, who lose, or rather sacrifice, all their political weight, and civil rights, by following in the wake of a faction, whose pride and tyranny must always exclude them from power; while the productive members, are held in cold contempt, by their stock-holding and aristocratic superiors. Now we desire that these men shall become in form and name, what they are in fact—Democrats—citizens whose interests and sympathies are identified with the productive classes, and not with the idle stock-holders.

We will give an illustration of this fact, from the District that sends a member of Congress from the City. In that District, two thirds of the Federal party are perhaps productive men, who inconsistently style themselves Federalists. They vote with the aristocracy, and send an aristocratic Lawyer to Congress; who instead of promoting and protecting the interests of the productive classes, caters for his own ambition, makes long speeches, and votes against the interests of the very men, who constituted the majority which elected him.—Now mark the contrast. Suppose these productive citizens, vote, as they ought consistently to do, with their brother Democrats, in support of one of their own class, to represent and forward their interests. In this case, the productive party become the majority, who before were the nominal minority, owing to their division. Now, they are actually represented, by a sound, orthodox, steady voting man, who looks to their interest only, because it is his own interest. Before, they were nominally represented by an aristocratic member whose passions were entirely engrossed by long speeches, palace-leaves, parade, feasting, bank stock, the funds, and the prospect of being sent ambassador to the Court of George the IVth!

In the same manner, if that part of the Federal party who now perform without a solitary equivalent, the service of lackeys to the high and proud aristocracy, in whose train they loiter; would combine with their Democratic brethren, the City Election would be in their own hands. Our councils, our Mayor, and the whole government of the Metropolis, would be in the hands of the Midling Interest, or real Democratic Party. Taxes would be reduced—Justice dispensed—Property protected—Health preserved—all now so lamentably neglected by the Federal drones, whose long occupancy of their offices, has fattened them into criminal torpor, and apathetic indifference, about every thing but their salaries.

We have so far, barely touched upon this important subject, and shall return to it again from time to time.

### HEIRS TO THE PRESIDENCY.

#### NO ELECTION.

The common Law, so extensive and powerful in its operation is founded on, and created by Usage. Custom is the mother, not only of prejudices among the family of nations, but of principles, laws, and the tenure of power among Statesmen and Politicians. One Revolution in Great Britain, has unsettled forever the rights of Kings; and a single precedent of a wrong, has often overthrown the principles of right and Justice.

Usages and customs may either tend to the subversion of tyranny, or the prostration of freedom, as they encroach upon the system of either. Liberty is never taken by storm, and assailed by open enemy; but undermined by usages inimical to its spirit, and incompatible with its duration. As if the Constitution shall declare, that the Peo-

ple shall elect the President; and the President shall say, *I will appoint my Successor*, by recommending the *Secretary of State* to the People, through the nomination of a CONGRESSIONAL CAUCUS.

If the *Secretary of State* succeeds to the Presidency in this manner once; it is most likely he will succeed the second time; and if the third attempt also proves victorious, it becomes almost reduced to a certainty, that this mode of reaching the Presidential Chair will continue forever.

Experience so far, has proved the truth of this inference. Mr. Madison was the *First Secretary of State*, who became President through the influence of his office and the countenance of his Predecessor backed by a CONGRESSIONAL CAUCUS. At that time, it was not perhaps thought, that it ever would be made use of as a *Precedent*, to sanction a usurpation as a right. But Mr. Monroe, who was *Secretary of State* under Mr. Madison, thought proper to avail himself of the Precedent; and he likewise became President, by the purchase of a CAUCUS nomination.—The second example is past—the third threatens to confirm that usage into a *Law*, against the very letter and spirit of the great Federative compact.

Will the People sanction this usurpation, and agree to suppress their votes, and stifle their opinions, on the coming in of a new President? We cannot say, the *Election* of a President, because Election implies choice, free-will, and free suffrage. Under this system, it is obvious that the People can have no Election, and give no votes.—Each new President will be chosen by his Predecessor, as Mr. Madison chose Mr. Monroe, and Mr. Monroe, who was once thought a Democrat, has now chosen Mr. Adams, a *Federalist*, and a federalist of the Boston Stamp to boot! It is true that a *Congressional Caucus* must concur with Mr. Monroe in the choice, but will this give the People any greater share in choosing.

A choice or election, supposes the liberty of selecting one from a number. But this cannot be, where one alone is arbitrarily marked out, as the assigned object of choice. It may indeed be said, that the People concur to support this one. Admitted. But if this one is always the *Secretary of State*, where is the freedom of suffrage in the People? Do the People elect the Secretary of State? No—Then the inference is irresistible—the People have no liberty of choice, and no Election, although they so lace themselves for their degradation, by supposing they concur in the choice of the President and the Caucus.

The *Secretary of State* is appointed by the President. Of course the President appoints his Successor. Thus far, both our Caucus Presidents, have been without male heirs. Mr. J. Q. Adams, the present *Secretary of State*, has, we believe, many children, and among them, Sons. Let us suppose him, (which God forbid) to be chosen the successor of Mr. Monroe, on the potent usurpation of the system, we here reprobate. It may be said, his Sons may be too young for the office; but they could not always be too young. Suppose he appoints one of his sons *Secretary of State*. This son of his, becomes *President* in the same way. He too may have Sons; one of whom he may appoint his *Secretary of State*! Where is then the Liberty of the People; where their freedom of Suffrage; where the Constitution.—Why an HEREDITARY MONARCHY is in fact established, at the same time that the People are abused by the forms of freedom. This is the most probable consequence of the present method of electing a President from the Cabinet, and another consequence is, that we have a man for President that is not a Democrat. The principle applies to all the heads of the Departments.

A sense of Security, however, blinds and sometimes stupifies the most intelligent people. Some may still say, this cannot happen; it is impossible the people would not permit it. But we have shown how it can, and must happen, under this *virtual surrender* of the right of Suffrage. If the people sanction those usurpations which tend to produce such a catastrophe, they cannot help themselves, when that catastrophe surprises them by its horrors.—If they are blind in *Security*, let them now see the necessity of awakening to jealous negligence, and recalling those errors of judgment, into which apathy, indifference, and too much faith in faithless men, has betrayed them. We call upon them now, in the sacred name of Liberty and Democracy and the Constitution, to arrest this abuse, before it overwhelms them. Call to your aid, but the right of your own understandings, and guided by the principles of pure Democracy, you cannot fail, to perceive the gulf that now yawns to entomb all you hold most dear and precious.

### JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

It is understood will be a Candidate for the Presidency, on the ground of political Heirship, as being *Secretary of State*; and of Inheritance, as being the legitimate son of his father, old John Adams, the Federal Tyrant of his country for four years, and the founder of an ARISTOCRACY.

Mr. Adams' qualifications are known to be:

First. Opposition to the RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE AND UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE. Vide his Letter against Paine's Rights of Man.

Second. That no man should have the Right to Vote, who is not rich.

Third. That an Order of Aristocrats should be created in form, because they exist in fact.

Fourth. He denies to the People the right

to question the acts of their Governors, Vide his Letter to Harrison Grey Otis.

Fifth. He is devoted to the English Constitution, and a warm admirer of Monarchy.

Sixth. He rests American Independence upon the British Treaty of '83.

Seventh. He offered to surrender the Fisheries at Ghent; and to give to the British the Right of Navigating the Mississippi!

### CAPTAIN PORTER'S.

Impudent attempt, to intimidate the spirit and shackle the liberty of the Press, will we hope, be met in all quarters, by that indignant contempt which it merits. He ought to know, that the Press in this country can neither be cowed by hectoring, nor fettered by the strong arm of power.—The Liberty of the Press, is the bulwark of our dearest as well as our meanest rights. Without the guarantee of this sacred privilege we should cease to breathe the air of Liberty. Its abuse is not to be anticipated by individuals, who may dread its influence; nor arrested by menaces, which never can be carried into execution; as we are willing to suppose Captain Porter, not so much of a Quixote, as either to prosecute all the Editors in the Union for a libel, or to challenge all to single combat; unless he should wisely resolve to take the method of *Bob-de-l*—“challenge ten men and kill them”—challenge ten more, and kill them too.” &c. In fine, Captain Porter has been hurried into a menace which in the end cannot fail to make him very ridiculous, and expose him to the derision and laughter of all the papers in the country—except the *Old Lady at Washington*, now happily arrived at that Stage of decay and imbecility, when fecundity ceases, and callous apathy usurps the seat of the heart as well as the understanding.

### THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

The National Advocate is rebuked with great severity, by the National Intelligencer of July 31, for its occasional, but decided opposition, to the Federal traits of Mr. Monroe's administration. The Advocate had accused the Intelligencer of cooling down in the good cause of Democracy; and the Intelligencer reprimands the charge with aggravation, against the Advocate.—Which is Right?

In our opinion the Advocate is right, because Mr. Monroe has incontestably proved himself wanting in sound Democracy, by the numerous Federal appointments, that have marked his administration for a Neutral and compromising policy, utterly repugnant to the course pursued by his Republican predecessors. What, let us ask, determines the Democratic character of the President? It cannot be the policy of the Government, for that depends in too great a measure upon the character of Congress. Then it must be substantially, the appointments, that decide whether the President is faithful to the Democratic party, or whether he secretly favors their appointments.—Suppose Mr. Jefferson had appointed half Federalists, and half Democrats! Would Mr. Jefferson have been acknowledged a Democrat? No, unquestionably not. Then why should Mr. Monroe be allowed to sacrifice the Democratic party, and they continue bound, to eulogize him and acknowledge him for their Chief?

It is easy to profess Democracy, but we require congenial actions in corroboration of Sincerity.—The National Intelligencer, however, has assumed very consistent ground for its defence of Mr. Monroe's Federalism; it denies that we possess any Democracy in this country, but affirms that we are all Republicans. Now, are we not bound to take this too, for the opinion of Mr. Monroe, coming as it does, from his official paper, and in vindication of his own federal appointments? Did not the Post Master General, declare last winter, that appointments were made independent of all party considerations? The assertion is on record, a Federalist was appointed. Mr. Monroe would not appoint a Democrat.—But let us hear what the Advocate charges Mr. Monroe with—

“If it has not fallen to the lot of this paper, the National Intelligencer, under its present conductors, to take any leading part in political discussions, to urge the democratic party to victory by a spirited and vigilant support of its principles, by a reasonable and hazardous effort for its interests; if, hitherto its course and language have been equivocal, and its support of candidates for the Presidency withheld, until public opinion had fixed its mark indelibly on the man; then is reason to believe that its editors are now disposed to shake off their usual lethargy, and in return for the rich harvest of democratic patronage, enjoyed uninterrupted for years, will hereafter take the lead—not, gentle reader, in behalf of any man, but in efforts to excite jealousy and suspicion among statesmen; designedly misconstructing expressions, and sentiments, and to oppose, and, if possible, not down, any rational and approved mode by which the union of the republicans may be confirmed, and its ascendancy perpetuated.”

It is known that, for the last twenty years, Pennsylvania and New York, two of the first states in the Union, have united to support a democratic candidate for President; and it is equally true that these states have had the least influence in the national councils, nor have they ever intruded in these councils, or remotely blotted their weight and consideration were disregarded. They admired the men at the head of the government, and cheerfully followed in support of their measures.

It would seem, however, that the struggles of these two states to preserve the unity of the republicans party, have not with no corresponding efforts from the executive, no countenance from the government papers. After an unexampled contest, the democratic party succeeded in obtaining the government from the power of their opponents. Thomas Jefferson removed his political enemies from office, and appointed his political friends—appointed that party to whom he owed his elevation; he indulged himself in no preposterous ideas of independence; he never proclaimed himself *President of the people, and not of a party*. He knew that he had owed his office to the democratic party, and he attached himself faithfully to that party. He never suffered for his fidelity; he never feared his opponents; he never abandoned his friends. Posterity will do him justice.

When we review the acts of the present administration, and see the number of federalists appointed to office, and hear the delusive cry of *era of good feelings*; when we see candidates rushing towards the Presidential chair, some without fixed political opinions, others of doubtful or evasive feelings—some claiming from geographical position, and

a new or middling interest growing up; we not only have to fear for that good, honest, and faithful party, under whose auspices our country has acquired glory and renown, but we were authorized to indulge in serious apprehensions that the final decision of the Presidential question would be submitted to Congress—a result awful in its consequences. To avert this danger, to rally the democratic party, and separate the wheat from the chaff, it was proposed that New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, contiguous and republican states, should vote together on the next Presidential question, with the hope that, as this vote would be given for the best man, and the soundest politician, that other states would cheerfully unite likewise, and thus put down intrigue and management. The first notice which the editors of the Intelligencer were pleased to take of this fair and honest proposition, was to sound the alarm, attempt to array the other states in hostility against us, excite jealousies, discontent, and fatal divisions; charged us with unconstitutional confederacies while other respectable papers throughout the Union viewed the proposition in a correct light, as a simple interchange of political opinion—a thing of every day.

What does the Intelligencer answer to this? Why, forsooth, he says in substance that the Administration wants no Defence! And that the President is sworn to execute the Laws, not to gratify a Party.—Vide Intelligencer of July 31, 1822.

### MR. CRAWFORD A DUELLIST.

This gentleman has been nominated a Democratic Candidate for the next Presidency, by those very Editors of Newspapers who talk, prose, and sermonize most, against the deadly sin of Duelling; and yet, they bring forth before the People, a man whose hands are still reeking with the innocent and unoffending blood of a murdered victim! There is a cold-hearted atrocity, in the fatal Duel of Mr. Crawford with poor Van Allen, that strikes an icy horror through the mind at the barbarity of the Deed. We wish, most heartily, we had never heard of this unparalleled assassination. Mr. Crawford a Candidate. Can all the ocean make clean his hangman's hands? No! Mr. Crawford can never hope to pollute the Presidential Chair, through the suffrages of a virtuous and moral people.

### FROM THE SALEM GAZETTE.

“Mr. Crawford has been engaged in two duels. The first of which we have heard, was with the lamented Mr. Van Allen. Mr. Van Allen, unfortunately, some years ago, incurred the political displeasure of a certain Georgian Judge, named Tate. The Judge, according to the custom of our Southern States, in such cases made and provided, forbade him to challenge, by the hand of Mr. Crawford. Van Allen refused to fight Tate, for a very good reason, “He was beneath the notice of a gentleman.” Crawford, then, very politely offered to place himself in the shoes of Tate, and solicited the pleasure of a shot from the pistol of Van Allen. Assuming then the ground and character of a man whom he had thus acknowledged to be beneath Van Allen's notice, he met Mr. Van Allen, who had never given him any provocation, and shot the poor man dead—as dead as a herring! The other duel, which is that presumed the Patriot alludes, was fought with poor Clark of Georgia. After having, in company with this same Tate, endeavored to ruin the reputation of Clark, Crawford succeeded in extorting from him a challenge. He got, for his pains, a ball in the hand. And so this matter ended.”

### MESSRS. RUSSELL & ADAMS.

A lucid and able writer in the New York Statesman, has taken up Mr. Adams's Rejoinder to Mr. Russell; and completely prostrated the wit, malice of the Secretary's Belles-Lettres Defence. “The great burden of Mr. Adams's song,” the variations between the Duplicate and original of Mr. Russell's Letter, he thus satisfactorily rescues from the malignant fangs of Mr. Adams's mingled sophistry and vengeance.

“On this subject, all-important as Mr. Adams would make it, I am glad that it is not necessary I should say many words, as it regards Mr. Russell's vindication. As for Mr. Adams's own conduct in foisting his personal ‘remarks’ on these two papers upon the House of Representatives, it deserves a more particular attention than I can now spare it. I hope and trust that the public will yet receive, from some hand better able to do it justice, correct views of this most unprecedented and unjustifiable proceeding. In the mean time I shall take the liberty to say a few words on this subject. As to the other, the ‘variations,’ as I just said, it is not necessary that I should say many words. Mr. Russell has himself fully and frankly explained, how and why those variations happened; and if his explanation, when fairly understood and candidly examined, is not satisfactory, I agree that his conduct in this particular must stand exposed to such censure as an enlightened public shall think due. What degree of that they may think merited, if any, they will judge after the high offence against Mr. Adams and ‘his good name,’ the most precious of his human possessions,” shall be fully explained, which these ‘variations’ involve. But let not this censure be applied till it has been proved to be due by something more than a studied accumulation of epithets and a ceaseless and senseless effort at invective. Let us first very briefly enquire whether, on this charge, Mr. Russell has not fully vindicated himself from all shadow of imputation upon the fairness and integrity of his conduct.

In his ‘reply’ Mr. Russell, in answering those remarks of Mr. Adams, which were directed at the variation, maintains that there was no material variation between the two papers—no new word in the ‘duplicate’ that could affect either the merits of the question or Mr. Adams. He did give a frank explanation of the reason that induced him to make the variations he did make. The letter, as he observes, was a private letter, not intended for the public eye, and therefore when called on to present that letter and his own cause which it in effect involved, he thought himself at liberty to make such corrections as might more fairly and clearly exhibit the reason and motives of his dissent to the public eye. Certainly—let me still ask why not? Who was to be injured by this? If nobody, where was the wrong, and why all this factitious importance given to these variations? If indeed these alterations were teeming with charges ‘upon a living and the memory of a dead colleague,’ if they ‘indirectly charged Mr. Adams with little less than treason to his country’ than would they be indeed most

important; though it would be of no importance in fact, to the accused whether this was a new or an old charge—written at Paris or at Washington. But the truth is nothing like this picture of Mr. Adams. Was there any charge upon the memory of the dead, or the reputation of the living, in the harmless expression—of ‘trust in God and the valor of the west,’ that furnishes so exhaustless and felicitous a subject for Mr. Adams's witty propensities? This is surely innocent—and if not innocent where is the fairness and justice of imputing this alteration to Mr. Russell?

And as to this ridiculous idea of charging treason upon his colleagues, that the thing never would have entered any body's head but Mr. Adams's. He says most truly that the letter treated only of an honest difference of opinion about the construction of their instructions. His ‘reply’ is almost entirely devoted to prove, and his original letter maintains the same, that they were prohibited to bring into discussion the general right of fishery, nor the particular privilege of taking and curing fish in British waters and on British shores. He contends that the instructions of the 13th of April were not cancelled, as Mr. Adams asserts. This he maintains, in part, in both papers! though without expressly alluding to them in the original, for the very good reason that they were not at hand. But this is within the limits of a subject that I am not to touch—within the limits of that ‘future paper’ in which Mr. Adams threatens almost in words to blot out and decry Mr. Russell for ever. I venture to assure him, that Mr. Russell will look for that paper with about as much solicitude as he would for a second edition of his 4th of July Oration.”

The writer alluded to, who signs himself ‘Graecus,’ has in another part of his letter fully cleared Mr. Russell, of all unfair and disingenuous conduct, in regard to the call of the House of Representatives for his Letter, and fixed the extreme meanness of such conduct upon his opponent. Our limits preclude us from following this spirited and liberal writer, through all the windings of Mr. Adams's misrepresentations, duplicity, and evasions, which he has traced and exposed thoroughly, to the utter confusion and dismay of the dark and repulsive Adams.

The precipitancy of the public judgement against Mr. Russell, into which they were misled by the zeal of partisan prints, should be a caution to all, how they rush into blind conclusions upon the dubious authority of interested editors, or factious Demagogues. Mr. Adams's Rejoinder did not appear before the public, until Mr. Russell's letter had been thrown by and forgotten. Few possessed an opportunity, and still fewer an inclination to compare them, and Mr. Adams's friends, in the fervor of an imaginary triumph, swelled the tide of public opinion, against the injured, the innocent, and the meritorious party. At that time, we were without an adequate organ of imparting to the public, our views of this controversy; which being originally *National*, was important, but having become, through the violent passions and morose temper of Mr. Adams *personal*, it has lost much of its interest, except in the estimation of political gossip.

Mr. Adams's art has enabled him to draw off public attention, from important facts to frivolous minutiae, connected with subjects on which both parties harmonize.—Convinced of the errors of the Secretary of State upon this subject, which are as palpable to the public, as they are a source of horror to him;—fully aware of his skill in controversy, and not unacquainted with the scope of his ambition, or the meanness of his spirit; we shall still watch the progress of this singular controversy, under an assurance of beholding the final prostration of Mr. Adams, and seeing him bite the ground beneath the foot of his opponent.

### GENERAL JACKSON.

The Nashville Clarion, in announcing General Jackson as a Candidate for the Presidency, thus concludes a pretty long address enforcing the necessity of choosing a man, who has the inclination as well as capacity, to purge the accumulated Corruptions at the seat of the Federal Government.

“The grounds on which we have concluded, to support him, are many—a few of the most conspicuous we will briefly state, meaning hereafter at a proper time, to enlarge upon each at length:

First.—He has done most to deserve it.

Second.—His capacity is equal, and qualifications superior to any other candidate who has been named.

Third.—We believe he is the only man who can correct the abuses which exist in the departments at Washington, prejudicial to the public interest.

Fourth.—That in contradistinction to all the other candidates he is unconnected with party politics, local feelings or sectional jealousies, and of course the only one among them, who can go into the Presidential chair, unpledged to any thing but the interests of his country.”

### A CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.

#### BUT NO TITHES.

The people of the U. States, have been thought to enjoy a peculiar happiness in their exemption from Tithes, for the support of an Established Church. It often happens, however, that when we escape an evil in one form, we meet it in another; and that what the Law does not extort from us, we allow weakness and misdirected zeal to prompt us to give. All systems, thoroughly enforced, whether they obtain through popular opinion, or judicial regulation, constrain society to

compliance, from the dread of it. It is so, at the present day, in respect to Church Establishment. Clergy are becoming stronger than ever; and the earnings of industry drained to the last cent, to pay luxury, the itinerant champions of jam. The recent increase of M under the plausible pretext of doing in foreign parts, which is most to be done at home; together with the education of Theological Seminaries, a profession, whose numbers, paucity, have always been a source of reflection to the lay part of society; Europe teaches us, that neither the most pious, nor the most abundant in professorship. We may take a salutary Propagandi of Rome, and the Jesuits; from the swarms of now prey upon the vitals of Italy, but yesterday devoured the wealth of the industry of Spain. The enemies of the Bible in its simple truth; but to an extraneous system, substantially similar to that of the Church of England, not so in form, we must be permitted our objections, in that spirit of truth, which accompanies that of a conscientious duty. The has been the means of eliciting the we shall now present to the ready assurance of its being worthy his attention.

### FROM THE NEW-HAVEN GAZETTE.

“The Rev. Dr. Spring and attending to visit London, Edinburgh, Lin. have sailed from New-York for Mr. Spring, we believe, receives \$3000 a year, besides the usual aid and tokens of respect from those to be esteemed by their clergyman. We Mr. Spring to be a very pious man—and we only mention him, as an instance of the growth of our land. It is a fact that in we are rapidly following the example of old countries, in attempting to large salaries demanded by those that they are sent (from Colleges the humbling doctrines of him where to lay his head. In many the United States good snug salary ready obtained, and the consequence that many of those clergymen, are neglecting their flocks, ling in style by sea and by land—salaries are not sufficient to warrant of their visits, the people upon to make up the necessary contribution. On this appeal being ever else may be in want, the cheerfully give their last cent—for the health of the clergyman, dear little ones, and the moral improvement of the world. We if an individual dares to question the present day, he is called to the hazard of being called. Be that as it may, it ought to be there are many good people who scriptures are and disposed to precepts, who cannot reconcile scriptures every demand for modern times. There is considerable musing among the people, at the set by those who ought to discountenance—on the calls on the poor to make salary men life men, missionary, and education so the calls for funds as bounty money indolent young men to obtain an education, and enlist as preachers side.

There is also much of pride in these life members and charity students publishing in the papers the sum from those who were never known the hungry or clothe the naked. that six thousand additional education are now wanted in the United States. It so happens, however, that these clergymen cannot live on small salaries, it would be a very moderate salary to say they will want, which 1000 dollars each year, which round sum of \$6,000,000. These doubt, for the most part, be callous manufacturers; but whether they much to the wealth of the nation, the increase of Sociinians, Universalists, Deists, &c. Would it not enquire into the causes which produce disciples of erroneous faiths? mounting the back of dull the proudly moving on in human street it not be well to look into the testimony—into the simple truths of the people of the United States and though they see not at present the time is not far distant when we see, and feel, and act, like men, by the blessing of Him who has smiled upon the nation, to let maintain both their civil and religion.

### MAGNANIMITY OF A F

We cannot resist the strong desire to do all honour to one among the Bards, who feeling the divinity head, teaches man to soar to regions of grovelling selfishness of the common life. There is a trait of grandest about Byron, that prompts to all that belongs to him. In ing letter, we behold, what we meet with—the magnanimity of a generosity of an heroic and noble Would to heaven that the enemy possessed but one spark of his and but one virtue of his great and noble heart.

### “CAIN.”

Letter from Lord Byron to Mr. PISA, FEB. “DEAR SIR—Attacks upon me



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compliance, from the dread of Proscription. It is so, at the present day, in the U. States, in respect to Church Establishments. The Clergy are becoming stronger than the Laity, through a false dread of their exorbitant power; and the earnings of industry are often drained to the last cent, to pamper in idle luxury, the itinerant champions of proselytism. The recent increase of Missionaries, under the plausible pretext of doing that good in foreign parts, which is most required to be done at home; together with the multiplication of Theological Seminaries, to diffuse a profession, whose numbers, rather than paucity, have always been a source of civil discord; furnishes much matter for serious reflection to the lay part of society. The history of Europe teaches us, that age is neither the most pious, nor the most moral, which most abounds in professors of Theology. We may take a salutary lesson, from the Propagandi of Rome, and the Society of the Jesuits; from the swarms of Priests that now prey upon the vitals of Italy, and that yesterday devoured the wealth, and prostrated the industry of Spain. We are not enemies to the Bible in its simplicity and truth; but to an extraneous and artificial system, substantially similar to the Establishment of the Church of England, though not so in form, we must be permitted to state our objections, in that spirit of fearlessness and truth, which accompanies the discharge of a conscientious duty. The article which has been the means of eliciting these remarks, we shall now present to the reader, with the assurance of its being worthy his undivided attention.

FROM THE NEW-HAVEN GAZETTE.

"The Rev. Dr. Spring and his son, intending to visit London, Edinburgh and Dublin, have sailed from New-York for London. Mr. Spring, we believe, receives a salary of \$3000 a year, besides the usual marriage fees and tokens of respect from those who wish to be esteemed by their clergyman. We believe Mr. Spring to be a very pious and useful man—and we only mention his intended visit, as an instance of the growing evil in our land. It is a fact that in this country we are rapidly following the example of the old countries, in attempting to make up the large salaries demanded by those who assert that they are sent [from Colleges] to declare the humbling doctrines of him who had not where to lay his head. In many places in the United States good snug salaries are already obtained, and the consequences are, that many of those clergymen who enjoy them, are neglecting their flocks and travelling in style by sea and by land—and if their salaries are not sufficient to warrant the expenses of their visits, the people are called upon to make up the necessary sums by contribution. On this appeal being made, whoever else may be in want, the people must cheerfully give their last cent—for it is all for the health of the clergyman, his wife and dear little ones, and the moral and religious improvement of the world. We know that if an individual dares to question certain practices at the present day, he subjects himself to the hazard of being called an infidel. Be that as it may, it ought to be known that there are many good people who read the scriptures and are disposed to practice their precepts, who cannot reconcile with those scriptures every demand for money made in modern times. There is considerable murmuring among the people, at the examples set by those who ought to discourage extravagance—at the calls on the poor to contribute to make salary men life members of bible, missionary, and education societies—at the calls for funds as bounty money to induce indolent young men to obtain a collegiate education, and enlist as preachers on our side.

There is also much of pride in fitting out these life members and charity students, and publishing in the papers the sums received from those who were never known to feed the hungry or clothe the naked. It is said that six thousand additional educated clergymen are now wanted in the United States. It so happens, however, that these educated clergymen cannot live on small salaries. If we say nothing of the expense of their education, it would be a very moderate computation to say they will want, when settled, 1000 dollars each year, which makes the round sum of \$6,000,000. These might, no doubt, for the most part, be called domestic manufactures; but whether they would add much to the wealth of the nation, is a question yet to be determined. Much is said of the increase of Socinians, Universalists, Infidels, Deists, &c. Would it not be well to enquire into the causes which produce these disciples of erroneous faiths? Instead of mounting the back of dull theology and proudly moving on in human strength, would it not be well to look into the law and the testimony—into the simple truths of the gospel—and see if all things are right at home? The people of the United States have eyes, and though they see not at present, we trust the time is not far distant when they will see, and feel, and act, like men, who intend, by the blessing of Him who has thus far smiled upon the nation, to preserve and maintain both their civil and religious freedom.

**MAGNANIMITY OF A POET.**  
We cannot resist the strong desire we feel, to do all honour to one among the "Mighty Bards," who feeling the divinity of the god-head, teaches man to soar to regions above the grovelling selfishness of the common concerns of life. There is a trait of grandeur, and interest about Byron, that prompts us to preserve all that belongs to him. In the following letter, we behold, what we very rarely meet with—the magnanimity of a Poet—and the generosity of an heroic and noble mind. Would to heaven that the enemies of Byron possessed but one spark of his liberality; and but one virtue of his great and honourable heart.

"CAIN."  
Letter from Lord Byron to Mr. Murray.  
PISA, FEB. 8, 1822.

"Dear Sir—Attacks upon me were to be

expected: but I perceive one upon you in the papers, which, I confess, that I did not expect. How, or in what manner you can be considered responsible for what I publish, I am at a loss to conceive. If "Cain" be "blasphemous," Paradise Lost is blasphemous; and the very words of the Oxford gentleman, "Evil, be thou my good," are from that very poem, from the mouth of Satan; and is there any thing more in that of Lucifer in the mystery? Cain is nothing more than a drama, not a piece of argument. If Lucifer and Cain speak as the first murderer and the first rebel may be supposed to speak, surely all the rest of the personages talk also according to their characters; and the stronger passions have ever been permitted to the drama. I have even avoided introducing the Deity, as in Scripture (though Milton does, and not very wisely either); but have adopted his angel, as sent to Cain, instead, on purpose to avoid shocking any feelings on the subject, by falling short of what all uninspired men must fall short of, viz. giving an adequate notion of the effect of the presence of Jehovah. The old mysteries introduced him liberally enough, and all this is avoided in the new one.

The attempt to bully you, because they think it will not succeed with me, seems to me as atrocious an attempt as ever disgraced the times. What? Gibbon's, Hume's, Priestley's, and Dr. Johnson's publishers have been allowed to rest in peace for seventy years, are you to be singled out for a work of fiction, not of any argument? There must be something at the bottom of this—some private enemy of your own—it is otherwise incredible.

I can only say, "Me—me adsum qui feci," that any proceedings directed against you, I beg may be transferred to me, who am willing, and ought to endure them all; that if you have lost money by the publication I will refund any, or all of the copyright; that I desire that you will say, that both you and Mr. Gifford, remonstrated against the publication, as also Mr. Hobbouse; that I alone occasioned it, and I alone am the person who either legally or otherwise should bear the burthen. If they prosecute, I will come to England; that is, if by meeting it in my own person, I can save yours. Let me know—you shan't suffer for me, if I can help it. Make any use of this letter which you please. Yours ever, BYRON.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE COLUMBIAN OBSERVER.

GENTLEMEN,  
Do me the favour to address to the author of the Plagiary, who corresponds with the Editor of the Union, the following short criticism upon his genius.

I think he is most at home when he dwells on the pathetic—or on the relations of social life, the incidents of which he invents or embellishes with peculiar felicity, and in his narrative of interesting scenes where the characteristics are of a popular mould. There is an accuracy of delineation, and a liveliness, and verisimilitude of sentiment, in the bulk of his numbers, that warrant an assurance of his entire competency to compose a volume that would do credit to an established reputation for fine writing. What I wish to do on this occasion is, to direct his attention to a proper subject. Had he conceived the idea of writing such a novel as the Spy, founded upon revolutionary incidents, the spirit of its composition would have equalled, and its terseness, and the judicious arrangement of its materials, would have excelled, the one which has already been published. I will not be so pointed as to refer to an incident, but will leave that to his superior discernment. There are, however, many sections of the revolutionary grounds which the author could select, and enclose, by the right of his profession, to be cultivated by his skill in the agriculture of the muses, to the great delight of those who might visit it, and to the satisfaction of the proprietor. At all events, I would have him to read, and to learn, and outwardly to express what he inwardly conceives, that the public may be gratified, and himself improved.

ARISTIPPUS.  
FOR THE COLUMBIAN OBSERVER.

**UNION.**

There has been some recent discussion in two of the evening papers on the subject of a union of the Democrats in the city, which I have been pleased to see, because I am in favour of a union, and think that the advocates of the measure are better friends to the Democratic cause than they are who oppose it. The difference is between the Editors, and not among the people: The people are anxious to unite, for, in so doing, they insure the election to office of men professing the principles of democracy, who would manage the business of their offices in a way corresponding with the views and inclinations of their democratic constituents. If the persons to be elected in pursuance of a union, should differ as to the estimation in which a particular individual ought to be held, they are not, for that reason, to be considered as differing in principle as to the essential character of the democratic cause. They may, on all occasions, in one breath, oppose the enemies of democracy, and yet differ as to the character and qualifications of an individual who, by accident or design, has been made prominent in the party. But to refuse to unite and deliberate as to the measures proposed to be adopted, is to arrogate, on one side or the other an exclusive right to judge of what ought to be done, without reference to the will of a majority, which alone is the legitimate hinge upon which the door of the party can be opened or closed. Any one section of the democrats cannot refuse to meet the other, for the decision of a popular emotion, but from a fear of being out-voted, that is, from a fear of submitting to a majority of the meeting, and thereby sustaining the wishes of the party. The mistake lies, in two or three individuals, the orb and satellites of a printing office,

pretending themselves to be the democratic party, and endeavouring, by the use of their inky machinery, to persuade the people into a similar absurd conclusion. But it is to be presumed, that the people after the opportunities they have had of improving their sagacity, are too well informed to permit so gross an imposition to prevail over them. Let the democrats of the city unite at the ensuing election and they will secure to themselves the management of all its municipal concerns, which are too important to be disregarded by those who have the public good at heart.

United we stand—divided we fall.  
Let union be the order of the day.

ANOTHER OLD DEMOCRAT.

FROM THE FRANKLIN GAZETTE.

**DEMOCRAT—REPUBLICAN.**

A respectable republican print lately advanced the idea, that a man may be an "honest democrat, and yet no republican." This appears to us a mere assumption of a distinction without any difference shown. A republican stands, in a broad sense, in contradistinction to a monarchy. In the former, all public things are common to all, and private rights are upon an equality; in the latter, public privileges are vested in a few, and equality of rights denied to the great majority of persons. As in monarchy there are various kinds, as imperial hereditary, and imperial and royal elective monarchies, so in republics there are several descriptions, of all which the world has afforded instances. That the United States are a democratic republic is manifest, for all power is distinctly referred to the democracy or people. A citizen, therefore, as one of the people, is strictly a democrat, and, as such, is bound to take care that the people are not deprived of their rights; and, as a citizen of the republic, he is also a republican, and, in that character, it is his duty to see that the republic is not approximated or converted to a monarchy.

**SELECTIONS.**

A litigious fellow of an attorney brought an action against a farmer for having called him a rascally lawyer. An old husbandman being a witness, was asked if he heard the man call him a lawyer? "I did," was the reply. "Pray," says the Judge, "what is your opinion of the import of the word?" "There can be no doubt of that replied the fellow. "Why, good man," said the Judge, "there is no dishonour in the name, is answered he, "but this I do know, if any man called me a lawyer, I'd knock him down." "Why, sir," said the Judge, pointing to one of the counsel, "that gentleman is a lawyer, and that, and that, and I too am a lawyer." "No, no," replied the fellow; "no, my lord: you are a Judge, I know; but you are not a lawyer, I'm sure."

We should not be too niggardly in our praise, for men will do more to support a character, than to raise one.

There are no two things so much talked of, and so seldom seen as virtue, and the funds.

To know exactly how much mischief may be ventured upon with impunity, is knowledge sufficient for a little great man.

At the Stafford Summer Assizes, in 1796, one of the prisoners, William Cotterell, was indicted for a burglary and robbery; and in spite of the remonstrances of counsel, pleaded guilty; nor could he be persuaded to offer any other plea, until the Judge threatened, in case he persisted, that he would order him for speedy execution. He then pleaded Not Guilty, and his trial proceeded; but owing to defective evidence, he was very unexpectedly acquitted.

**MARRIED.**  
In the borough of Reading, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. John F. Grey, the Rev. TIMOTHY ALDEN; of Meadville, President of Albany College, to Miss SOPHIA LOUISA LUKER MULCOCK, daughter of the late George Mulcock, of Philadelphia, merchant.

**OBITUARY.**  
Yesterday morning at 5 o'clock, MARY KING, STON, wife of Thomas Kingston, after a long and painful illness.  
Yesterday morning at 11 o'clock, Mr. GEORGE SOPER, aged 23 years. His friends and acquaintances and those of the family are respectfully invited to attend his funeral from his mother's dwelling, north Eighth between Wood and Callowhill-street, at 4 o'clock this afternoon.

**ALMANAC.**  
1822.  
AUGUST.  
3 Saturday, 4 59 7 1 2 20  
4 Sunday, 5 0 7 0 2 59  
5 Monday, 5 1 59 3 28  
6 Tuesday, 5 2 58 3 58  
7 Wednesday, 5 3 57 4 33  
8 Thursday, 5 4 56 5 12  
9 Friday, 5 5 55 5 57

**SHIP NEWS.**  
Philadelphia, August 7, 1822.

**ARRIVED.**  
Brig Concord, Captains, 17 days from St. Barts, with sugar and tobacco, to W. Conrad.  
Schr George, Turner, 10 days from Lubec, with plaster & 48 passengers, to Wain & Morris.  
Sloop Ann Maria, Ricketts, 3 days from Suffolk, with lumber.

**CLEARED.**  
Schr Messenger, Hall, Providence, Bevan & Porter.  
**BELOW.**  
Ship Bingham, Fleming, from Rio Janeiro.  
Two ships, supposed the Electra, Robinson, from London, and Wm. Penn, Hamilton, from Liverpool. Also, a brig, and four schooners.

**MEMORANDA.**  
Brig Neptune's Barge, Duns, hence at Havana.  
Ship Hebe, Jones, for Rio de Janeiro, went to sea 3d inst.  
The packet ship Dido, Mathew, left New Castle

on Monday evening, for Liverpool. Passenger, Mr. J. J. Duncan, of Scotland. Mr. Ward, of Manila. Mr. Tobey, Porter, of Ireland. Mr. Batton, of E. London. Mr. Samuel Welsh, of Philadelphia, and 17 in the steerage.  
Capt. M. Neill left at Curacao, 17th July, schr Gen. Brooks, Preston, for Salem, in 4 or 5 days; schr Vestal, Ireland, New York, in 5 or 6 days; schr Leander, M'Foy, Rhode Island, 6 or 7 days; schr Star, M'Foy, Norfolk, sold; brig Lady's Delight, Scribner, New York, 4 or 5 days; Only Daughter, Wilkinson, for Norfolk, under; Potomac, Richards, Boston, under; Fame, Boso, N. York, in 2 weeks; schr Betsy, Chapman, arrived from Salem, 14th July, 30 days; Sarah, Iris, from Laguna, 14th July, to sail for Boston, in 5 or 6 days. The Dutch brig Ann & Elizabeth, Perry, sailed for New York, July 17th. The 21st July in the Mona Passage, was detained four hours and a half by a Spanish privateer under Patriot colours, who took from us a great many articles, clothing, &c. broke open trunks, they kept me on board the privateer four hours, during that time they rummaged the brig all over, swearing that we had \$6000 on board.  
The Moss, Turley, was up at London, June 22d, to clear for Philad. 10th July. The Electra, for Philad. was to clear 23d June.  
Brig Albert, Bly, hence at St. Bartholomews, BOSTON, Aug. 2.—At Quarantine, Schr. Elizabeth, Lehigh, St. Pierre, 21 days, molasses. Left July 12, brig Little John, for New York, loading; Argo, Hunt, New Haven, discharging, and a number of eastern vessels. Markets overflowing with American produce, and dull sale. Molasses high and on the rise, in consequence of the great rain which has nearly inundated the country.

**NEW BOOKS.**  
Just Received and for Sale by  
E. LITTELL,  
No. 88, Chesnut-Street,  
A Sketch of Old England, by a New Eng-  
landman.  
The Provost, by the author of Sir Andrew  
Wylie.  
Nicholl's Recollections and Reflections.  
Patriarchal Times, by Miss O'Keefe.  
May you Like it, by a Country Curate.  
The Spy, a tale of the Neutral Ground.  
Oxberry's Edition of the New English  
Dramas.  
The Provoked Husband.  
The Busy Body.  
Deaf and Dumb.  
There are 25 numbers of this edition  
Printed, there will be one published regu-  
larly every Saturday. Price 25 cents per  
number.  
This edition is published from the London  
edition containing Stage Directions, &c.  
Aug—7

**The Dublin Mail.**  
Just Received and for Sale, by  
E. LITTELL,  
No. 88, Chesnut-Street,  
A fresh supply of the  
DUBLIN MAIL.  
By Thomas Moore, Esq.  
Aug—7

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S. Potter & Co.  
Booksellers and Stationers No. 87, Chesnut street,  
Next door below the corner of 3d street.  
**AN ESSAY**  
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By the Society for Promoting Communities, in  
three parts—Part 1. The evils of exclusive and  
the benefits of inclusive wealth—Part 2. Extracts  
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**BANNOCKBURN,**  
Being a sequel to the Scottish Chiefs, in 2 vols 12mo.  
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**SCOTT'S MILITIA TACTICS,**  
Comprising the duty of Infantry, Light Infantry, and  
Riflemen, 2 vols 12mo.  
The Solitary,  
By the Author of the Renegade.  
Aug—7

**The Favorite,**  
Just Received and for Sale, by  
E. LITTELL,  
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The Favorite of Nature,  
A TALE IN 2 vols.  
ALSO,  
Advice to the Young Mother.  
In the Management of herself and Infant, by a  
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons.  
Aug—7

**The Favourite of Nature.**  
Just Received, and for Sale, by  
W. W. WOODWARD,  
THE FAVOURITE OF NATURE,  
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Aug—7

**UNION GUARDS!**  
A STATED meeting of the Company, will be held  
at N. Faling's, North Fifth street, Sign of the  
Lamb, this Evening, at 8 o'clock, precisely.  
By order of the Captain,  
D. DAVIS, Secretary.

**Lights and Shadows.**  
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On the goodness of God, brevity of Human Life,  
Glory of the Gospel, &c. 1 vol. 8vo.  
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Will publish tomorrow, the Rev. James Montgom-  
ery's  
Sermon,  
Delivered before the State Convention of the  
Protestant Episcopal Church for the diocese of Penn-  
sylvania, on the 8th May 1822.  
Aug—7

**WILLIAM W. WOODWARD,**  
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WORK, ENTITLED  
**Letters on the Sacrament**  
OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.  
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IV. Letters Post paid, and expenses of boxes and  
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authenticity of the story, which are perhaps unparalleled,  
promise to make it no less a favorite in its English  
dress."  
"It is the work of a man of genius, and the trans-  
lation has fallen into very competent hands."  
Monthly Magazine.  
Aug—7

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THE RENEGADE—Translated from the  
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IN TWO PARTS:  
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Heathens in all ages,  
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BY GEORGE BURDER,  
Secretary to the London Missionary Society, and Au-  
thor of the Village Sermons,  
A New Edition, Enlarged and Improved.  
Heaven speed the canvas, gallantly unfurl'd,  
That bears salvation to a guilty world:  
Soft airs, and gentle heavings of the wave  
Impel the fleet, whose errand is to save!  
Charg'd with a freight, transcending in its worth  
The gems of India, nature's rarest birth,  
That flies, like Gabriel on his Lord's commands,  
An Herald of God's love to Pagan lands.  
Couplet.

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**Lights and Shadows.**  
Just Received and for Sale, by  
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**DOMESTIC,**  
CANTON, CALCUTTA,  
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For sale by the piece, for cash or acceptance, by  
Henry Simpson,  
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**WHO HAS FOR SALE,**  
By the package, India Damask Satins,  
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Black Senhaws,  
Satin Striped Gingham,  
India Sewing Silks, &c. &c.  
5000 lbs. Common and Merino Wool.  
Aug—7





## POETICAL SELECTIONS.

### THE DESTINY OF CAIN CONTINUED.

CAIN ENTERS.

Whither now  
Hath my distracted flight conducted me?  
Is it earth's boundary that I behold?  
Again I meet the sea,—and surely there  
Seated upon its surface, I behold  
A better earth, with rocks, and trees, and plains!  
Oh could I reach that shore!—But the fierce sea  
Rolls its waves between us. What are these?  
More men!—Still men!—Avenger, why wilt thou  
Afflict me with their sight?—This morn they fled  
My hated presence; but, since then, a day  
Hath pass'd and these more distant, have not heard  
The story of my wanderings. It may be  
That I may shelter here!—And Earth is still,  
And Heaven is silent. I will speak,—but soft,  
My murmur-stamped aspect,—let me hide  
My guilt and punishment, and gently tell  
My name and misery; for, looking on  
This face of horror, they are struck, and fly  
As from a savage beast! Good brother, I,  
A wanderer from a far distant land,  
Claim at thy hospitable hand, drink, food,  
And shelter till the morning.

JARED.

Be it thine,  
Nought can the traveller ask of Jared's house,  
That Jared would deny,—rest thee, and feed!—  
Whence com'st thou? From the hills or the low vales?

CAIN.

Straight from the hills, which some days since I left,  
On a long weary quest, to find a land  
Where I might end my wanderings, and sit down  
To wait my close of life!

JARED.

Oh bounteous shore  
Hath gifts enough, for more than those who make  
Their dwellings on her meadows. Stranger, here  
Abide with me, until our brethren's hands  
Have aided thee to raise a friendly roof,  
To shelter thee and thine!—Thou saidst thou wert  
Lure from the hills, comest thou from the face  
Of our great father, the progenitor,

CAIN.

From his face I come,  
I am the son of the created man, the child  
Of thy progenitor.

JARED.

And of his sons,  
The fathers of the world, to which do I  
Bend with all reverent duty?

CAIN.

I am Cain,  
The first-born of mankind, the elder son  
Of this world's children,—the second man  
Who breath'd the air of earth.

JARED.

Great father, stay!  
Our homes, our herds, our riches, are thine own,  
Live but among thy children,—from thy face  
Throw down thy shaggy mantle, and permit  
Our eyes to gaze upon the hallowed brow  
Of fair earth's elder born!

CAIN.

My brow!—Thou shalt!  
'Tis not permitted that I should conceal  
My features longer. I must tell thee, too,  
Why thus—but wherefore dost thou groan, or ere  
My face is to thee known?

JARED.

Son of the world,  
No sound escap'd my lips, nor did I hear  
Ought from another's.

CAIN.

No!—Again!—It comes  
Up from the earth,—it is my brother's blood  
Groaning from depths immeasurable!—Still  
Crying aloud, as once before it cried  
Unto the stern avenger,—and the earth  
Heaveth again beneath me. Shall I on?  
Not here my place of rest!—I will not!—No  
I will not heed these signs,—What should I fear  
Even from their utmost vengeance?—Power divine  
Hate chain'd their devastating strength to me,  
And bade all danger shun me. Earth may gape,  
But dare not swallow!—Lightnings fierce may play  
Around my brow, but harmlessly they know  
The mark, and dare not strike!—I will defy them,  
And rest here,—even here. Now, wondering man,  
Look on the face which thou hast pray'd to see,—  
It is the brow of Cain!

ENOS.

Oh father, fly!  
Linger not near that man of horrors!—Go,  
Horrible stranger, from our peaceful land!  
Thou art accursed, never face like thine  
Belong'd to Nature's children. Father, fly!  
Some fiend abuses thee!

CAIN.

Thou wretched thing,  
Rouse not my sleeping wrath. Begone, begone!  
Another moment, and thy sunny locks  
Shall circle round thy neck in closer folds,  
Grip'd by this desperate hand!—Avoid me, fool!  
I would not mar thy beauty!

JARED.

Enos, shun  
This man of wrath: thou hast most justly drawn  
His anger on thy head: for though I feel  
Strange horror as I look upon his eye,  
Yet, till I hear his tale, suspicion bane,  
Nor yet ungracious comment, shall pollute  
My heart, nor stain my lip. Retire all,  
And leave me with the stranger. Now then, son  
Of the progenitor, into my breast  
Pour forth thy tale of grief!

RECITATIVE.

AMIDST his straw, as Tom, a stable swain,  
Did sweep and sigh, but swept and sigh'd in vain  
Dully, the cook, peep'd in upon her 'squire,  
And begg'd a wisp of straw to light her fire;  
Tom gave the wisp, and, leaning on his broom,  
Thus wou'd the squabby nymph of bacon-bloom.

SONG.

Dear girl, I'm up to ears in love!  
The fact, a thousand follies prove;  
Yes, yes, I feel the dart!  
Well! now I'm wounded, give the cure;  
Thou'rt not a cruel girl, I'm sure,  
So try to ease the smart.

'Lord bless us! it is all a lie.'  
I hear thee with emotion cry,  
'I'm sure there's nothing in't.'  
'Indeed there is, I'm sure afraid,  
Nay, take the symptoms, sceptic maid,  
'Tis that make it plain as print.'

The instant that I see thee coming,  
My heart against my ribs keeps drumming,  
As if to caper out;  
To make his cage at thy feet,  
Pronounce himself thy slave so sweet,  
And fight for thee, as thou art.

From those dear lips, delicious bliss,  
If such coxcombs steal a kiss,  
My eyes so jealous roll;  
Awile, I call the puppies names,  
My heart is Etna-like in flames,  
Consuming to a coal.

I cannot bear to be alone;  
I yawn, I sigh, I gape, I groan,  
And writhe as if with pain.

Now on a sudden seize a book,  
Just half a minute in it loak,  
Then fling it down again.  
Now ruminating wild, I walk,  
Nod to myself, and smile, and talk;  
Now hunt for something new to write,  
Now sit, jump up,—now stare, now wink,  
On some deep problem, seem to think—  
Now vacant as a post.

Now seize the violin, and scratch  
A half a glee, or half a catch;  
Now snatch the brush, and paint;  
Now fling it down, and seize the flute,  
Now hum an air divine, now hoost,  
To make poor music faint.

Now full resolv'd to visit thee,  
And take a social cup of tea,  
And give my heart a plaster:  
I draw my watch, not over cool,  
Call him a little limping fool,  
And bid him travel faster.

Now bustling round the room, here, there,  
I try to find my hat, and swear,  
And wish him damn'd, and dead;  
Now racing from my inmost soul,  
I roar, 'What thief my hat hath stole?'  
Then find it on my head.

Nay, nay, I'd marry thee—my dear—  
Love's symptoms now too plain appear;  
There's nobody can miss it;  
Yet if these symptoms are not love,  
And this the passion fail to prove,  
Why, what the devil is it?

O that I did not love thee, girl,  
And that my head, in this wild whirl,  
Could keep a little steady!  
But 'tis in vain, alas! to preach;  
Like drowning boys, I've lost my reach;  
My sense is gone already.

Yes, Silvio, know the single elf  
Has only one to serve—his self;  
But when he takes a wife,  
A hundred masters then appear;  
And what is very hard, my dear,  
His slavery lasts for life.

### ODE TO THE SUN.

Oh thou, bright ruler of the day,  
To whom unnumber'd millions pray,  
And kneeling, deem thee all divine;  
Eternal foe of ink and dye,  
Who puttest all her imp to flight,  
Receive the poet's grateful line.

I own I love thy early beam,  
That glids the hill and vale and stream,  
And trees and cots and rural spires;  
And, happy, 'mid the valley's song,  
I listen to the minstrel throng,  
And, thankful, hail thy genial fires.

Yet lo, the lords of this huge place,  
Care not three straws for thy bright face,  
Nay, thy rich lamp with curses load;  
When thou go'st up, they go to bed;  
And when the night-caps on thy head,  
They stare, and flit like owls abroad.

Yes, yes, indeed they oft protest,  
That thou'rt a most intruding beast;  
And lo, in triumph, thus they say,  
'Behold our name, Britain's pride!  
From pole to pole, our vessels glide,  
And sail as safe by night as day.'

'Want we a fruit of flavour fine?  
Exclaim the great—'behold, the pine  
Is better warr'd by cool and tan;  
Not ev'n to one exotic plant  
The sun a perfect toxin grant—  
Deny the stubborn fact, who can?'

The footmen too, with winking eyes,  
Abuse the journey up the skies;  
'Messieurs! Postillions, Madames Cooks—  
Content to be a-bed all day,  
They hate, alas! the rising ray,  
And curse thy all-observing looks.'

Vex'd to their houses to be driv'n,  
The great retire from roofs, their heav'n,  
And break up in a horrid passion,  
And cry: 'In times of old, indeed,  
The tasteless world a sun might need,  
But now the fool is out of fashion.'

'About his business let him go,  
And light on other systems throw,  
Folgers! that never saw thy lights handle!  
Nay, while a nation lights remains,  
A sun with us no credit gains,  
But yields to ev'ry farthing candle.'

London.

### HYMN TO SILENCE.

O silence, to our earth by Wisdom giv'n,  
Yet from the fashionable circles driv'n,  
To breathing zephyrs, and the limpid stream,  
Whose murmurs sw-ethly soothe the shepherd's dream?  
For thee I often sigh, but sigh in vain,  
When Folly stuns me with her noisy train.

Oh! how I wish thy presence, when the 'squire  
Impertinently bursts into my room;  
Hallowing from the kennel's howl and mire,  
And casting o'er my day, a midnight gloom.

Yet if his sister Phill comes giggling in,  
And talks of seditions, or 'ra, ball, and plays;  
Methinks, my ears can bear the varied din,  
Which fortheth thee, mute maid, to run away.

Yet 'tis not long I wish thee thus apart;  
So much thy presence glads, at times my heart—  
For when I clasp the nymph, so fair and young,  
And steal a sweet acquaintance with her lip,  
I wish thee in the room at once to skip,  
And gently take possession of her tongue.

BOLDNESS IN LOVE.—BY CAREW.  
Mark how the bashful morn in vain  
Courts the amorous marigold;  
With sighing blasts, and weeping rain;  
Yet she refuses to unfold.  
But when the planet of the day  
Approacheth with his powerful ray,  
Then she spreads, then she receives  
His warmer beams into her virgin leaves.

So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy;  
If thy tears and sighs discover  
Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy  
The just reward of a bold lover:  
But when with moving accents thou  
Shalt constant faith and service vow,  
Thy Celia shall receive those charms  
With open ears, and with unfolded arms.

### SELECTIONS.

A gentleman who was severely cross-examined by Mr. Dunning, was repeatedly asked if he did not lodge in the verge of the court; at length he answered, that he did.

'And pray, sir,' said the counsel, 'for what reason did you take up your residence in that place?' 'To avoid the rascally impertinence of dunning,' answered the witness.

At a trial in Westminster Hall, an Irishman, who was a witness in a cause respecting some occurrence at a table where he dined frequently, being asked on his cross-examination, how he could possibly recollect the circumstances of that day in particular, when he had dined constantly at the same table for months; 'Recollect it,' replied Pat, 'how could I forget it; the dinner was a roast shoulder of mutton, in July, without potatoes.'

When Sergeant Cockle was on the Northern Circuit, he once told a witness that he was very saucy, and followed up the remark by asking, 'Pray what sauce do you like best?' 'Any sauce, but Cockle sauce,' was the reply.

At an Old Bailey Sessions in 1788, a learned counsel thus examined a witness: 'What are you?' 'A Jew.' 'Well, what is your Christian name?' 'I never was christened, my lord, but my name is Moses Levi.'

A witness at the Assizes at Kilkenny, being asked if when he was examined before a Magistrate, he did not give a very different account of the transaction from what he now delivered, he admitted the fact, but said, that he was humbugged in the business. 'Humbugged, fellow!' exclaimed the opposite counsel, who was not very famous for his talents, 'I don't know what you mean.' 'Don't you, sir?' said the man; 'why then, upon my conscience, I must try to explain it in your own way, by putting a case. Suppose now I should tell his lordship and the gentlemen of the jury, that you were an able counsel, and they were to believe me every mother's son of them would be humbugged, my dear, that's all.'

At a Nisi Prius Court at York, in a cause of damages for an assault, a countryman, a friend of the plaintiff, gave a most clear and circumstantial evidence to all the main facts. Just before he was quitting the box, the Learned Judge, Baron Richards, asked him how old he thought the person assaulted might be? The witness pertinaciously avoided giving any information on this head. 'Is he twenty, thirty, or forty?' said the Judge. The witness still persisted that he could not tell. At length the Judge said, 'Now in all probability you have never before seen me, nor I you, yet I think I could form a pretty correct guess at your age.'

'Very likely,' replied the honest countryman, 'but you are a better Judge than I am.' This reply produced a general laugh, while the witness stood amazed at being the unconscious cause of all the mirth. At length the Judge resumed; and having no further questions to put, said, 'Good morning, my friend,' the witness withdrew from the box; but to the amazement of the Court, thinking he had not quite properly behaved, quickly resumed his place, and significantly said, 'Good morning, sir!'

Mr Curran cross-examining a horse jockey's servant, asked his master's age. 'I never put my hand in his mouth to try,' answered the witness. The laugh was against the counsel, until he retorted, 'You did perfectly right, friend, for your master is said to be a great bite.'

On another occasion, Mr. Curran was examining Lundy Foot, the celebrated tobacconist; he put a question, at which Lundy hesitated a good deal. 'Lundy,' said Curran, 'that's a poser, a deuce of a pinch, Lundy.'

It rarely happens that the finest writers are the most capable of teaching others their art. If Shakespeare, himself, had been condemned to write a system of metaphysics explanatory of his magic influence over all the passions of the mind, it would have been a dull and unsatisfactory work; a heavy task both to the reader and to the writer. All preceptors, therefore, should have that kind of genius described by Tacitus, 'equal to their business, but not above it;' a patient industry, with competent erudition; a mind depending more on its correctness than its originality, and on its memory, rather than on its invention. If we wish to cut glass, we must have recourse to a diamond; but if it be our task to sever iron or lead, we must make use of a much coarser instrument. To sentence a man of true genius to the drudgery of a school, is to put a race-horse in a mill.

Oceans of ink, and reams of paper, and disputes infinite might have been spared, if wranglers had avoided lighting the torch of strife at the wrong end; since a tenth part of the pains expended in attempting to prove the why, the where, and the when certain events have happened, would have been more than sufficient to prove that they never happened at all.

Many who find the day too long, think life too short; but short as life is, some find it long enough to outlive their characters, their constitutions, and their estates.

As he gives proof of a sound and vigorous body, that, accidentally transgressing the line of demarcation, is confined to a pest-house, and, at the end of his quarantine, comes out without being infected by the plague, so he that can live in courts, those hospitals of intellectual disease, without being contaminated by folly or corruption, gives equal proof of a sound and vigorous mind. But, as no one thinks so meanly of a conjurer as his own Zany, so none so thoroughly despise a court, as those who are thoroughly acquainted with it, particularly if to that acquaintance they also add due knowledge of themselves; for many have retired in disgust from a court which they felt they despised, to a solitude which they merely fancied they could enjoy, only, like Charles the Fifth, to repent of their repentance. Such persons, sick of others, yet not satisfied with themselves, have closed each eventful day with an anxious wish to be liberated from so irksome a liberty, and to retire from so melancholy a retirement; for it requires less strength of mind to be dissatisfied with a court, than to be contented with a cloister, since to be disgusted with a court, it is only necessary to be acquainted with courtiers; but to enjoy a cloister, we must have a thorough knowledge of ourselves.

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